Today, I was thinking, ~~What a great time to be alive if~~ you love the theater of the absurd.[1]

New Things, Under The Sun

Absurd in One Act and Several Scenes —
—In the spirit of *Marcel Duchamp*

[1] Upon the twenty-fourth day of that most sacred and venerable month of November, in the year of our Lord two thousand and sixteen, being the blessed years that have unfolded since the hallowed nativity of our Redeemer, there did arise an occasion so rare and so touched with the breath of divinity that even the celestial spheres, in their eternal revolutions, might have paused in wonderment. On this day, the illustrious and inestimable Sir David Lynch—a name that doth resound through the grand halls of intellectual and artistic pursuit, a name spoken with reverence in the loftiest citadels of human thought—did, in a manner most august and profound, deliver an utterance that shall forever stand as a monument to the boundless capacities of the human mind and the unfathomable mysteries of the cosmos. Picture, if you will, that moment sublime, when Sir David Lynch, with countenance as serene as the still waters of a moonlit lake, and with an air of gravitas that seemed to summon the very heavens to attention, did part his lips to speak. Yea, his words, though garbed in the humble vestments of simplicity, carried within their essence the weight of the eternal, as if the stars themselves had whispered their secrets into his ear, and he, as a vessel of cosmic truth, did graciously bestow them upon a world too often shrouded in shadow. Lo, the air seemed to tremble with a hush most reverent, as though the very fabric of existence had stilled to heed his voice. The utterance of Sir David Lynch was no common speech, no mortal assemblage of fleeting syllables, but rather a decree from the celestial heights, a proclamation forged in the divine fires of inspiration and borne aloft on the wings of eternity. It was as if the angels themselves had leaned in from their golden perches to inscribe his words upon the eternal scrolls of time, their pens dipped in the inkwells of infinity. Oh, how the hearts of those present must have swelled with awe, how their spirits must have quaked beneath the majesty of his revelation! For his words, though formed in the mortal tongue, did strike a chord so profound that the echoes of their resonance shall not fade, but shall ripple through the ages, carrying with them the very essence of truth and wisdom. Indeed, Sir David Lynch, in that sacred instant, did not merely speak—he unveiled a fragment of the divine, a glimpse of the ineffable that shall shine as a beacon through the mists of time, illuminating the paths of those who seek knowledge and enlightenment in this shadowed world. Let it be proclaimed from the highest towers and inscribed upon the grandest tablets of history that this utterance, this celestial moment of unparalleled insight, shall endure as a testament to the eternal. Sir David Lynch, with a wisdom so deep it seemed to touch the roots of creation, did bestow upon humankind a treasure not of this earth, but of the heavens themselves. And so, his words, radiant and transcendent, shall remain, imperishable and immutable, until the very stars themselves grow dim and the final curtain falls upon the theatre of the cosmos.

He who partakes in the game is beyond the confines of gender. Silence, I beseech thee, and hearken unto the body.

Inside the Office

Who could deny it? I've severed all ties myself. I labeled people and cast them out based on what we didn't share. Perhaps it was the right thing to do. But I suppose right and wrong, or who's to blame, matter little compared to the aftermath. I don't need those answers to quell the storm inside me or to comprehend how it's altered my psyche. At least, not right now—they're utterly useless at this moment. No matter how much I think, I find no way to reconcile it. Whatever has happened is irreversible. It wasn't a sudden moment; I've watched this process unfold over months and years. Only now has the metamorphosis reached its final stage. According to the law of entropy, it can never become what it once was. Any attempt would be a humiliating farce. I must face it. Like a driver who's hit a deer on the road, I must act after the initial shock. But what act? Should I regret it? Celebrate it? Analyze it? Treat myself cruelly? Deny it and move on? Perhaps I'll play a country song, roll down the window, and light a cigarette. Maybe I'll sing along and scream into the empty road, confident no one will be bothered by my coarse voice. Perhaps imagining the destination might offer some comfort. Or should I plead helplessly with this or that god? How likely is it that I'll see the departed sitting in the passenger seat? Talking to me to keep me awake? If I fall asleep, I might crash again. This time, I could kill a person. But then I remember—no one lives out here. What am I doing here? Where is this place on the map? This isn't even a habitat for deer! What endpoint passes through here? Even the road to hell would be more charming than this. What nonsense I weave. Perhaps it's out of fear. After all, this place is a little unsettling. I wish I could talk to someone. But I am! I'm talking. To whom? Who are you, my friend?

Walking

Why must we dissuade people from staying in a "toxic" relationship? Let us assume that, in this type of bond, the individual seeks a golden egg from an imaginary golden goose. If that golden omelet brings them joy, what's the harm? Don't speak of "mental health," that luxurious term too costly for the mundanity of our daily lives; it's beyond our budget. Even if we decide to procure this commodity, we must be frugal and reserve it for crucial matters, like "avoiding a temporary fit of madness on the Tehran metro." From certain perspectives, such a relationship is entirely logical: the individual knows they will not find another functional bond. In truth, accusing them of delusional mate selection is misplaced; they are profoundly realistic. Moreover, loneliness threatens their sense of self. "Loneliness" is no one's first choice; yet between thirst and drinking saltwater from the sea, the harm of one outweighs the other. If a sailor has been adrift for fifty nights and fifty days on a plank in an endless ocean, we do not scorn them for their foolishness—we understand them. The physical pain of "singleness" cannot be ignored. Logic fails to comfort the embodied self. Consequently, no matter how foolish or destructive it may be to remain or return to a "toxic ex"—and it is—the individual is immune to advice, critique, and opinion. They must be treated with a human cruelty. Survival paves vile paths before us, and those who believe themselves superior or loftier should wait to see how life will eventually bend even the strongest spines. "Civilization" deceived us into believing we are better beings and not merely different. This delusion, a double-edged sword of humanity, led us to plant the American flag on the moon when the iPhone 4 was still a distant dream in Steve Jobs's mind. This heroic feat deluded us into thinking we are capable of anything. Perhaps we can achieve extraordinary things, but none of them will come without cost. The chronic psychological pain of the 21st-century human arises from the terrifying conflict between two images: "what is" and "what could be." Tragically, both are correct. What is to be done? I know no more than you. Nevertheless, these interpretations must not stop here. I agree with Marx that the point of interpreting the world is to change it; however, I've learned that if there is one thing that, even if changeable, ought not to be changed, it is "human nature."

Smoking a cigarette

My mind is always adrift... I don't know. My psychiatrist told me to write, but I want to talk. Since no one listens, I found you. Why you? Because you're a good listener. A stranger, but useful to me. I think you might enjoy the game; who wouldn't? You have no choice, either. Three... two... one! Let's begin. You're Martin Luther King, with a booming voice: "I have a dream." Standing before the crowd. You feel a shadow trying to silence you. You step into a box and scribble on it with a red marker: "Handle with care." You hide under the bed. No one understands. Your trembling is unnecessary. It's just a game. Like when you were a child, mischievous. Now you're a child again. You crave ice cream. You convince your mother to buy some, even though you have a cold. It's just a game. You think about your past. "Did I turn off the gas?" Assume you did. Obsessive thoughts torment you, and with a chaotic mind, you torment others. It's just a game. You feel disoriented. Art is soothing. You paint like Jackson Pollock, splashing colors onto the canvas. You're inducted into the Legion of Contemporary Art and the Society of Elites. You've taken a photo with the President of the United States. You despise trashy films. Taxes have become crippling. You decide to resign. You choose writing. Virginia Woolf is a fitting role. You stay at home, pick up a pen, and write. Salvation lies in the flow of words. You don't drown. It's just a game. Of course, adventure is dangerous. You might need tools. An opportunity arises to join a new movement. Fan the flames of change. Be the voice of dissent. The police have captured your comrade. They're executing everyone. Hit the brakes. It's just a game. You take a break. You accept membership in a calm, safe group. The state-run metro is free; why not ride? Did you know it's filled with fruit trees? Full of unripe apples at forty-five degrees. You touch them indifferently. You quarter them and toss them into a blender. Add eggs and flour. Your delicious apple pie. Your mouth waters. It's just a game. Don't ask anyone for permission to change the world. You shred your driver's license, perhaps for grilling Mash Hassan's cow steak. You're still on the street! The light is red. You cross calmly. It's as if you're strolling down the Champs-Élysées. But you don't get full of yourself. Who are you anyway? Not that it matters? A chameleon. A noble creature. Life is simple. Create a challenge. Try being a slushie, or maybe something that never melts. You don't like desserts? You can be a plant. Your psyche resonates with a cactus; a cactus with red fruit. They're very sweet. It's just a game. Go beyond duality. Be the ashtray of my usual cafe. For once, be useful. Besides, existence is an occasion. You don't need clothes, nor complex relationships. Essence is poured onto you. It's just a game. You want love. I'm sorry; it's not on the menu. Are you upset? So am I. Fine, you can love whoever you want. Anyway, the big picture remains the same. From up there, you're a tiny Lego underfoot. An ant beneath the boots of kind gods. Up close, a beautiful puzzle assembled incorrectly. An unsolved riddle by the Sphinx with a grim fate. It's just a game, and... it just ended! I see you're flushed. Stick your head out. Get some air. Are you watching the world? Grab the remote, turn on the news. Do you hear it? Rage, envy, stupidity. With government monopolies, prices have risen. German-made products last, but they're so expensive. Not worth the price. Do you know what is? A dream. Let

me plant a dream in your virgin mind. A hot summer day, the 13th of August, around 2:45 PM. You're sitting with Woman Number Forty-Two. A dignified lady with a noble family. How lucky you are. She's beautiful even without makeup. You look into her eyes, take her hands. You hope she's had her morning coffee. You don't want a grumpy woman; she shouldn't be like Woman Number Thirty-Nine. Getting rid of them is hard. Anyway, chivalrously, you kneel, focus, wipe the sweat off your brow, and tie her shoelace.

Writing a Letter

I withdraw from the dance. Everything is absurdly just a separate fragment of a whole. I don't know how far this evolution will go. Is there an end to the end? A futile question, because it can only be known when the subject reaches it. And if there is no end, how could it ever be known? A contradiction as beautiful as this moment. The beautiful must both torment and caress. It must kiss and stab, like what has been and what is: we live and we die. We die and we live again, but each time, only one. And the subject asks: If there is no conflict, then what of "duality"? Does that mean that whoever tastes death or life is always the same? The subject does not know and will not have the time to find out. The world resists being understood. It lets you interpret it for yourself. It does not tell you what "truth" is. You are so lost in speculation that your time comes to an end. The subject asks: Was that it? Just questions and silence and more silence? Who is the subject even asking? Who is the absent audience? Is the subject not mad? Gazing into infinite space, full of existence and nonexistence, babbling without a trace of laughter at such absurdities! The subject is always presumed to know. The subject must know. Must know? Can it cure death? What about immortality? Well, there is an end, but it is meaningless. Imagine a video game that continues after you lose. A ticket to a play that never ends—or whose ending is a charade. Films at the cinema playing for hours beyond the credits. Couples who remain married for years after their divorce. You bury your loved one, only to have breakfast with them the next morning. It isn't absurd, because in this world, it's entirely logical and self-evident. You are the fool for believing in endings.

Standing at attention

A bad actor and a worse story. A depressed playwright. Anything else? Drunken spectators. I laugh. I lose my breath. The end arrives. I applaud. "Masterpiece!" It's timely. Out of necessity. A glance not stolen. Air that remained beautiful. The sacrificial lamb left on the path. My indeterminate moods. The bus was an accident. "Do you hear the symphony?" Yesterday, or maybe it was today. It's not time-bound. The end ended, too. The air lost its beauty. It became polluted. The lamb was devoured. The bus reached its destination. The orchestra grew weary. My breath returned. The drunkenness faded. My hands are in my pockets. I'm not laughing. The playwright with antidepressants. Without a story. Without an actor. There's no one. The hall has emptied. There's no one. The street is deserted. There's no one. The sky is overcast. There's no one. It's place-bound. My solitude. I'm uncertain. It was today. I'm mistaken. It was never. There is nothing. My memories are hollow. I'm excited. It repeats. My heart beats. The end of the end also ended. The actor is cheerful. The story is depressed. The director is drunk. Tickets went unsold. The producer's massive debt. The mandatory revenue from the concession stand. The air is cold. I want to stay. There's no audience. Bad actors. A disgraceful play. The director's piercing gaze. My ridiculous laughter. Smuggled popcorn into the theater. Bring flowers, please. Take the air away. Close the street. Censor the theater by force. Censor me too. Take me away too. Please. Close the curtain. Put an end to the end of the end of the end. Finish everything.

Delivering a speech

What is differential diagnosis? I'm not insane. Sanity? Got it. Distracted? Often. Intelligence? Enough for abstract, useless movements and words. Of course. I'm terribly afraid. No, I don't have an anxiety disorder. Though. I'm not well. Afraid. Of love? No. Humans. Humankind. Terrifying. Sir. The air. It's gotten cold. What's the relevance? I warned you. The alien inside hasn't grown. A part. A fraction. No. It's me. Terrifying? No. Just like me. The difference? It hatched from a different egg. A demon's egg. I told you. I'm not insane. What's wrong with demons? Clay. Without fire, it's formless. You're demonic too. Naturally. A part. A fraction. A sliver. Just a bit. Well. That's not the shadow. The shadow is separate. It exists. And it doesn't. Parasitic. It's not original. A refugee. Fleeing the dark. Perhaps from you. The air. It's darkened. Is your clock broken? The clock. It can't be five. My perception. It's intact. I'm dreaming. A nightmare. Dreamlike. Always. That woman. She stares. Fixated. She stares. Then leaves. I haven't understood her. She's strange. Like you. Am I alone? Inside? Well. Not entirely. I'm not multiple. All of us. Are me. I'm not insane. Shall we switch places? Do you feel lonely? Should I make your meds stronger? Do you feel you're a danger to yourself or others? Do you want to be strapped to the chair? Should I sew your mouth shut? Are you afraid? You have a nice chair. It's white. What a stupid pen. White ink. White paper. A white room. A white doctor. Have you murdered the dark? Are you okay? Don't you need help? Does your family know? I'm sorry. Forgive me. The symptoms persist. Still. For now. You'll stay. Be comfortable. The nurse will come. You'll pass out. On the count of. One. Two. Three.

Fleeing[2]

[2] *Step. Step... Swish. Click. Hmmm... Tap. Pause. Sniff. Step. Plop. Silence. Chirp.*

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Areyou waitingforso mething?